Dripping Wet In The Cop Car

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Dripping Wet In The Cop Car

by TigerPrawn

Summary

I mean... this is just some kinda random porn in the back of a cop car, with maybe a few feels thrown in. And oh yeah, it’s set in the future. With robot cops. Yup.

Notes

Some of my writing buddies and I were previously inspired by the Hannigram Rare Pairs Generator and decided to do a little challenge between us based on our randomised results. Well this second time around we decided to step it up a bit - not only getting a pair at random but also then getting the title from random (questionable) romance trash novels.

I got Nigel x Cal Roberts (or as I like to affectionately call them - DogPath) and “Dripping Wet in the Cop Car.”

Delightful!

cop car

“Fucking assholes.” Nigel spat the words in harsh English at the cops who were already heading out of earshot. Not that the metal fuckers would take any notice through their tin-plated skulls. It was rather telling of the neighbourhood that the human police left the patrolling to the automatons.

He actually wanted to shout at Cal, but the guy looked way too fragile to take it. Even so, if Cal hadn’t started the argument then Nigel’s neighbours wouldn’t have called the cops and they wouldn’t have been thrown into the back of a cop car whilst his apartment was being searched. Just as telling of the neighbourhood was the fact that they were locked up out of the way - manhandled (robot handled?) - in so that they could carry out a search with no interference. Nigel huffed, thoroughly fucking inconvenienced.

He’d already been run in enough times to warrant the search, but he wasn’t so stupid as to keep anything in the apartment that would get him into serious trouble. A couple of blunts, and that was personal use. His stash was in the communal basement, nicely hidden for when customers dropped by.

“America, land of the fucking free.” Nigel grunted.

“It doesn’t apply when you’re breaking the law.” Cal retorted and Nigel struggled to place his tone. The guy was an enigma much of the time - like he had a public face he pulled on and hid behind. Hid something fucking dangerous, Nigel was sure. The thought, as it had several times before, made Nigel’s cock twitch.

They’d fucked once. That had clearly been a mistake. Nigel should have known better, because he really couldn’t just fuck someone he knew he would run into again. He had too much of an obsessive nature… possessive, controlling, done in by the fucking love. He didn’t fall for people easily, but when he did he fell hard. And hard was exactly what Cal Roberts had made him the very first day they met when the guy troubled him for something to help him forget the shit he was currently living through.

Cal was clearly at least halfway to being an alcoholic, he needed something stronger, just to take the edge off, just for that one time. Nigel had helped him out with a zoner, nice popular pill just right for Cal, barely cut with any shit too. Good stuff, too good for just one time.

And it had been more than one time. Cal had dropped by, needing a hit, needing the escape and on the eighth time they’d fucked.

He had felt so good under Nigel as he thrust into his writhing body. Sex was always a good way of forgetting, so perhaps he could say it was all part of the service? But that wasn’t true… he just fucking liked the shape of Cal’s ass and was glad to finally know what it was like to watch his dick pumping in and out of it.

That had been a few weeks ago, and Cal had stopped coming around for his hits. Nigel had tried not to take it personally. He had no idea if the guy was gay and dealing with his own

journey of self discovery or whether the whole thing had given him some kind of awakening he had to deal with. He just… he had to admit he had been worried.

Turns out, Cal had a lot to forget about. He'd opened up a little that day - he was some bigwig in *The Movement* - those fucking weirdos who seemed to be running everything since their meteoric rise a decade ago. A damn cult was what it was, but then Christianity had started as a cult too hadn't it? Nigel couldn't quite remember, it was years since he'd read anything about the defunct and antiquated religion.

And then he hadn't expected Cal to turn up on his doorstep, shaking and shivering, dripping wet from having walked from fuck knows where in the rain to his apartment. He was detoxing, going cold turkey and that shit hurt, so he had apparently gone looking for the only person he felt he could trust in this situation. What qualified Nigel as that person, he had no fucking clue. But what was he supposed to do?

That had been four days before and the rain hadn't fucking stopped. They were both dripping now, in the back of the fucking cop car. Cal was in better shape, well e-fucking-nough for them to get into a blazing row about cereal. Damn cereal!

But given his reputation, and the last few days of some strange and frightening noises coming from the apartment as Cal dried out, his neighbours had had enough. He couldn't blame them, as shitty as it had been for them to be hauled out - Cal wasn't even wearing a shirt or fucking shoes, and an hour earlier he'd have been in the shower.

"Will they… do you have stuff in your apartment?" Cal seemed sheepish on his side of the seat, looking out the window at the rain rather than at Nigel.

"Stuff? Fucking stuff, I have loads of. Fucking boxes of inadequate cereal and a nice set of crockery. Drugs? No, they won't get anything on me. Or you, if that's what you're worried about." Nigel was somewhere between angry and amused.

"It isn't." Cal snapped, turning to look at him now. "Look, just. Thanks… thanks for the last few days. I didn't have anywhere else to go and I'm sorry for the trouble it's caused you."

Nigel couldn't help but melt at those blue-green eyes full of remorse and… something else he was sure.

"Why me though? I'm not anybody to you."

Cal's frown was deep. "Well, I guess… you're not *not* anybody. I mean, we did… I just thought we were friends. Sort of. If this is friendship."

"Well that's a sad fucking state of affairs if you think this is friendship. We did some business and we fucked that one time. I don't even know if you remember it. Were you on anything?"

"I remember it." Cal replied flatly, looking away again. "I… I wanted to remember more. Or rather… I wanted to get clean so that I could remember... if it happened again. I… I wanted…" Cal trailed off and Nigel's heart went out to him and how hard he was clearly finding this. Whatever *this* was.

Nigel smiled and rested his hand on Cal's thigh, feeling a shudder beneath his palm. "Baby if you want me to fuck you again, all you gotta do is ask."

Cal let out a shuddering breath and leaned in towards Nigel. "I want to feel you, want to touch you. Want… to just feel something."

Nigel rumbled out a growl as he lurched forward and took Cal's mouth. The guy was a little nuts as far as Nigel could figure, and in desperate need of some sort of escape from his life - from The Movement. Drugs were a distraction, Nigel was a distraction. Though Nigel wondered if maybe he could be more?

If this were a fairytale he'd save this prince from the evil snake-headed asshole cult and live happily ever after. But it wasn't a fucking fairytale and he was no knight in shining armour. What he was, was the nut's dealer. There was no illusion to be had about that, whether they were high or not.

"Get in my lap baby." Nigel growled against Cal's lips and the man quickly obliged, straddling him as Nigel gasped his hips. He wondered if being clean made Cal more or less nuts, but found it hard to care. It was so fucking hot he might shoot his load before he even got his fly unzipped.

Cal was kissing him again then, their mouths moving against the other - messy and wet. No finesse to any of it. Fucking dirty and Nigel loved it as much as Cal clearly did. Their soaked through clothes chafing against each other as they writhed in the backseat.

Without breaking the kiss he wasn't able to see, so Nigel fumbled a little as he undid his own jeans and then started to unzip Cal. Cal soon got the idea and was pulling Nigel's hard cock out of his boxers with rough hands. Nigel was loving it, grunting into Cal's mouth as he returned the favour. When they were both free he pulled back enough to spit in his palm, enough to avoid completely dry fucking, and then wrapped it around them both before easing it up and down.

After a few easy strokes, with Cal panting into his mouth, Nigel stepped up his game. They were in the back of a fucking cop car, soaked from the downpour and dripping water all over each other. This was going to be quick and messy no matter what.

Nigel started working his fist faster, harder - almost a painful friction as he started to feel an ache in his wrist.

Cal was near silent - as he had been when they'd got at it before - the fucking practiced silence of the fucking Movement. Nigel was gonna make the man scream whatever it took.

He took a cue from Cal when he started to fuck into Nigel's hand. "Yeah baby, fuck my fist, I got you."

Small, quiet grunts.

Fuck, yes.

“Use your hand gorgeous, I want your hand on me.” After a moment of hesitation, Cal’s hand joined his. Nigel hissed out a breath. “So good, so good. I’m gonna make you feel good too baby, you keep on there. I’ve got you.”

Nigel was lost in the blissed out look on Cal’s face. He was glad Cal was sober, because that look on his face was some fucking high.

He released his own grasp on their cocks, leaving Cal to stutter for a moment before setting his own rhythm and pumping his hips a little. On a forward thrust he lifted enough for Nigel to push his pants down a little more and slip his hands to Cal’s ass cheeks.

Some more soft grunts and then a low moan as Nigel kneaded the flesh as he worked Cal’s ass cheeks apart and his fingers closely to his crack. Just as they got close to their intended goal he pulled back, eliciting a groan from Cal… Which he silenced by pressing two fingers into the man’s mouth. Cal sucked on them greedily as he tried to keep the rhythm. Nigel helped him with the tempo by fucking his fingers in and out of Cal’s mouth before removing them suddenly and sliding them down and against his asshole.

That drew a sort of moaned hiccup that made Nigel grin, before he roughly pushed in a finger to the first knuckle. Then he slowed, working it out again, and then in once more. A frozen moment later and Cal was pushing back. Silent again at first. But a minute later and he was fucking himself with abandoned onto Nigel’s fingers and up into his own fist.

He was grunting and painting, little huffs against Nigel’s mouth. They didn’t resume their kiss so much as moved their mouths sloppily together as they breathed and moaned and fucked.

“That’s it baby, make some noise for me.” Nigel growled before licking his tongue up Cal’s lips and into his mouth.

Cal began to grunt and groan as he jerked them hard with Nigel’s finger thrusting into his ass. In the back of this fucking cop car with the rain streaming down the windows as they fogged them up from the inside. Nigel wasn’t sure when they hell he’d had a hotter fuck.

He couldn’t help but let his head fall back against the seat as he let Cal do all the work, not that he needed to encourage the fucking minx. Now he was letting out soft but sharp cries with each movement and the occasional sob. The beautiful fucker was coming apart right there on Nigel’s lap and his balls drew up at the thought.

“I’m gonna cum all over you baby.” Nigel’s free hand squeezed a Cal’s ass cheek. “You gonna cum all over me? I want you to. I want you to fucking hose me down baby!”

With each word Cal got more and more vocal. Moaning, crying out with each movement as though a dam had broken within him and every pent up emotion was flooding through. All those emotions he’d had to bottle for years in order to climb the ladder of hierarchy in his cult. Be the good and stoic leader when all he really needed was the right kind of fucking.

Nigel felt everything tighten so he moved his free hand back to their cocks, pumping them together, until he felt the pleasure pooling in his gut burst up through him. His lips pulled into

a grimace as hot ropes of cum spurted up and over their joined hands. A moment later he felt more coat his fist and Cal clench around his still buried finger, as the man cried out. Fucking loud. Loud enough to be heard by any passers by - even through the bullet-proof glass.

They breathed against each other for a minute before Nigel drew his finger out of Cal and wiped it on his soaked jeans. Cal was just starting to tuck his softening and soiled dick back into his pants when the driver's door opened. They both startled and Cal fell off his lap and back into the seat, leaving them both mostly exposed and Nigel covered in no little cum.

"Your heart rates are elevated, do you require assistance." The cop's mechanical voice sliced through the air. But it didn't wait for a response before continuing. "Your property has now been searched and cleared. You are free to go." Little the fucking automaton cared. Thankfully.

The doors automatically unlocked with a thunk and Cal spilled quickly out of the opposite door and into the rain. Nigel could see he was still refastening his pants as he took off along the street. Shirtless and shoeless, disappearing into the sheets of rain.

Nigel couldn't help the smirk as he tucked himself away and got out of the car, watching the rain ping off the two cops leaving his apartment. He couldn't even see Cal through the rain now, but it didn't matter, because he'd realised Cal's secret.

He had worked it out as they were fucking. It had suddenly dawned on him what that look in his eyes was. Cal Roberts wasn't high on any drugs but he would still be back for another hit; for Nigel. And Nigel was looking forward to giving him more when he inevitably returned for it.

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